**The Block, Baltimore**

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# The Block, Baltimore

by redandblue

Summary


Undercover as a male prostitutes / agent AU

"…I need you to go undercover and try to find Mike."

For a second Will thought he must have heard him wrong. Maybe he had hallucinated right now. Would not be his first time.

"Nice joke Jack! Me as an undercover agent? I can't even lie to my dogs let alone pretend to be someone else! " , Will laughed.

"I'm being serious Will. There may be a lot of agents who are excellent at pretending to be someone else…but you are better at being someone else!"
The atmosphere in the room began to change and Will stopped laughing.
"Your Empathy Will is a great gift! There is nobody who could beat you at that field!"


Notes

Hello everyone! I hope you will like my little story :P
English is not my native languages, so there could be some mistakes! If you find one tell me and I would love to correct them! :)

# Prologue

Will knew that something was wrong, the moment one of his students was absent from his class three times in a row.
His name was Mike Lass and he had great potential to become a good FBI agent in the future. During the last two years he was teaching classes on criminal profiling at the FBI Academy and Mike didn't miss a single one of his classes. Until now. Will didn't seem to be the most social person, but he was excellent in reading his students and he paid a lot of attention to them. Even if he didn't look like it on the outside, he really cared for his students.

Will knew in the moment he entered Jack's office, that something was wrong – very wrong indeed. Jack looked tired and pale, like he didn't sleep in days. Will sat down opposite Jack and waited for him to start speaking.

"Will…what I'm about to tell you has to stay a secret between us."

He wasn't sure, if he really wanted to hear what Jack was about to tell him. Every time he had to promise to Jack to keep something a secret he got in trouble.

"Does it have something to do with Mike Lass? He recently stopped attending my classes…I know Mike, he wouldn't do that unless he had a really good reason for it.", he asked.

Jack expression changed at that and he looked even more tired.

"Yes indeed it does. Mike he…he was working for me as an undercover agent. Everything was fine until three days ago. We suddenly lost contact to him."

Jack had to be kidding him.
„Are you serious Jack? Mike is still a trainee and not a trained agent! How could you let him do dangerous undercover work?! "

"I know Will, believe me I know! It was his idea and I know I should have said no to him, but we really needed an undercover agent for this case. People are going missing out there and we have absolutely no clues or suspects. Mike knew that too and wanted to collect information. "

"Damn it Jack… " Will was speechless. He knew Jack could be reckless sometimes. But this was far too much even for him.

"Tell me Jack…what was this – so important - undercover work exactly about?" Will did not even try to conceal his sarcastic undertone in his voice.

"Remember the missing male prostitute cases at The Block, you helped me analyze videotapes for?"
Will's eyes got wide. "Oh no Jack…You didn't-"

"Mike went undercover as a male prostitute in The Block."

Baltimore's red light district was also known to locals as “The Block”. The Block is a stretch on the 400 block of East Baltimore Street containing several strip clubs, brothels, and other adult entertainment merchants. There was also an increase in general crime, prostitution, and drug dealing over the years.
So all in all you could say, that it was a very dangerous place for everyone especially prostitutes, let alone an untrained undercover agent.

“You can’t be serious Jack…” Will could feel a migraine starting behind his eyes and adjusted his glasses.

“Last time we spoke to him was right before he stepped into a car. He could not see the model of the car clearly, but he said it looked like a black sedan.”

Jack was now standing up from his seat and leaned closer towards Will. “I need your help Will…”

“How am I supposed to help you with this? I already analyzed every single video recording…I’m not an agent anymore Jack….”

Will really wished he could help him to find Mike, if he was still alive…, but there was nothing he could do. There were plenty of other FBI agents who Jack could request help from.
“I don’t need you to analyze anything anymore…” Jack was now looking straight into his eyes.

“…I need you to go undercover and try to find Mike.”

For a second Will thought he must have heard him wrong. Maybe he had hallucinated right now. Would not be his first time.

“Nice joke Jack! Me as an undercover agent? I can’t even lie to my dogs let alone pretend to be someone else! ” , Will laughed.

“I’m being serious Will. There may be a lot of agents who are excellent at pretending to be someone else…but you are better at being someone else!” The atmosphere in the room began to change and Will stopped laughing.

“Your Empathy Will is a great gift! There is nobody who could beat you at that field!”
Jack was now only centimeters away from Will. He was dead serious and Will knew that he was right in that aspect.

“I can’t Jack...” Will spoke more serious this time. “I’m not the right one for the job.”

“Will listen to me…I have to find Mike. Dead or alive…I have to find him and prevent other people from disappearing. I would do it myself, but I don’t have the same gift as you.

"Please Will, I need your help!”
Will could not remember the last time he heard Jack saying the word “please”. He had to be really desperate.

“Okay I’m going to think about it. But first I want to know how you would protect me from getting kidnaped or killed."

A small smile was forming on Jacks lips. “Of course, I’ll explain every little detail to you.”

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Next chapter will be longer! :D

# 1.Chapter

Chapter Notes

> Thank you for all bookmarks,comments and kudos! Here is a longer chapter as promised! ;)

The sun was already setting down behind the silhouettes of the city and the temperatures began slowly to drop down.
It was the beginning of November and the wind was getting stronger with every gust of wind. He hunched his shoulders, hands shoved as deep as possible in his worn out jeans.
He was wearing a plain white (and definitely too tight!) t-shirt underneath a simple black blazer.
Neither of them provided enough protection from the cold. Beverley made sure, that all his clothes looked well worn and not to fancy. No street prostitute had the money to buy fancy clothes.

With each additional minute walking in the cold, without the prospect of getting home soon, he regretted his decision more and more.
He still couldn't believe that he had agreed to go undercover for Jack. Actually he did it not only for Jack …but for his student Mike and all the other missing people.

He really wanted to find Mike alive. In the last six month three male prostitutes went missing without a trace. Until now there were no bodies found, so there was still the possibility that they were still alive . But Will also knew by experience that miracles like this didn't happen often. But still he had a spark of hope left.

He was now walking down a rain-damp street, only a few meters off the main road, exploring his surroundings, searching for the spots the prostitutes gone missing.
The last few days he spend studying every little detail about the case and tried to prepare himself as good as possible. He also looked up some slang words used by locals and had informed himself how a prostitute worked and how one would behave and feel. And Jack was right; his empathy helped him a lot so far.

It took him only a few minutes until he reached the first spot. He stopped walking right in front of a red illumined building with a big glowing sign “Late Night Secrets”.

The light was coming through the windows and he could see the silhouettes of women and men inside. The street was also busier than he had expected.
A hand full of lightly dressed men were leaning against the brick wall waiting for possible

John's to drive by and shooting him suspicious stares.
This was his first time being near a brothel or the like. He felt out of place, like an object placed in the wrong drawer.

There was a free spot some footsteps away on the wall and Will decided to rest there for a moment.
He had to think about what to do next and how he would get information out of local prostitutes. Someone had to know something.
But Will knew that nobody here would talk to him voluntary.

"Fuck off! That's my spot!" An angry voice suddenly shouted at Will and he was shoved away roughly.

"Sorry I..I didn't know-"He lifted his hands apologizing in front of him and tried to calm down the man.

"Get lost fucker!" He got another push against his shoulders which let him stumble backwards. He quickly got away before the other man decided to give him another push.

He went in some of the quieter side streets and took a deep breath leaning against a damp wall underneath a street light. He could see his breath rise into the dark of the night sky. Even this little incident made his heart race in his chest and let him feeling nauseous. There was after all a reason why he stopped being an agent and switched to teaching.
He was just not made for this kind of work.

He was debating with himself, if he should give Jack a call and tell him that he cannot do this after all… but decided against it. To gather information was not that complicated. Jack also made sure, that they could locate him anytime through his microchip implant he got a few days ago. If needed an FBI team could come to him immediately. Will tried to convince himself, that there was nothing to worry about.

The night went on and the cold was now unbearable. His whole body was shivering and he thought about all the prostitutes here in "The Block" who had to get through this every night. This was their life. Night for night they came here, waiting the whole night in the cold, just to make some money. And someone took advantage of their misery. Kidnapped them or even worse…

This made him really angry and determined to catch the bastard who did this at all cost.

He watched the cars drove by one by one and hoped that maybe some cars would actually stop for him. He needed to get a picture of their faces and their licence plate number, because maybe someone in these cars was the one kidnapping the prostitutes.

His watch showed already 3AM and he decided to search for a restroom. He went in a nearby 24 hour Diner across the street and was hit with nice warm air filled with the scent of cheap

coffee. Instantly his muscles began to relaxed a little. When he stepped into the restroom he almost got startled by his own reflection in the mirror.

His face looked a lot younger now that the shaved his face. Beverly had insisted on that. But he refused to shave completely, so they had agreed on a two-day-old beard.
He also was wearing contact lenses for the first time. He was not used to seeing himself without his glasses and –not to forget- with this hairstyle. His hair was still long and curly, but combed a little bit nicer to the side.

He looked good…still a little rough,unwashed and tired like he had not slept in days - but good. And his tight clothes made him really look like a male prostitute, which, of course was what they were aiming for. So maybe he could really pull this off.

Suddenly the restroom door opened again and a boy, not older than seventeen, stumbled inside aiming for the sink. Will made way for him and watched him closely. He was bleeding really bad from his nose.

“Hey, you’re okay?”, he asked worried.

“Do I look okay?”, the boy hissed and started cleaning his bloody nose. He wore similar clothes to his, but instead of a blazer he was wearing a simple hoodie. Wills first thought was that he was one of Baltimore’s street kids.

“Here take that…” Will reached out a tissue towards the boy. He looked a little bit irritated at the tissue but took it nevertheless.

“Thanks…”, the boy said quietly.

“You’re welcome…what’s your name?” Why not start with this boy as his first connection.

The boy slowly gave Will a look over before he answered: “Tim, my name is Tim.”

He did not seem to see any threat in Will and reached out his hand to Will.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Will…” Will shook his hand lightly and the boy continued cleaning his face.

“Who did this to you?” Will asked again and leaned against the wall beside the sink, observing the boy.

“Some fucked up John…he went totally crazy when I told him I would not let him fuck me.”

Will swallowed hard. Tim said this, like it were no big deal. This must be the reality of many street kids here in “The Block”.

“You’re new here…I didn’t see you before?”, the boy asked.

“Yeah…I moved here some days ago from Washington. I heard that you can make good money here.”

It was time for a some acting.

“Dude…you should have stayed in Washington. If you’re not careful enough you’ll end up dead in the next dumpster!”
Will gasped at that and looked at him with wide eyes.

“Why is that?”, he asked and was curious how much the boy knew.

“Didn’t you heard about the missing male prostitutes? This area has become very dangerous…”, the boy warned him and finished washing his face. Will was still staring at the boy. He had to know more.

“Come on, I’ll treat you to a coffee.” Will proposed and pointed to the door. Tim nodded and followed Will inside the Dinner.

Will order two cheap coffees and welcomed the hot liquid. It made him feel a little bit more awake.

“Did you know any of the missing ones?”, Will asked after a few minutes enjoying their coffees.

“I knew Dixon. He was a dick and was always drunk…but even he didn’t deserve that.” Tim was looking down at his coffee.

“So you think that they are not only missing, but already dead? How come so?”

“There are rumors lately...that everyone who stepped inside this one black car, will not turn up again. And let’s be honest…when did ever a missing prostitute turn up alive again? They all end up somewhere dead at the roadside ditch or in a dumpster. Not that anyone cared about that. One more or less prostitute did not matter anyway to most people.
Even the police is doing nothing! If a son of a rich politician would go missing the whole land would be searching for him. It would be all over the news!”

Will could clearly see how upset Tim was. And he was right in some points. But the police did care. They just did not have enough information. That was why he was here now. They were desperate to find this bastard who did all this and prevent any further incidents.

“Do you know the model of the car. Did someone mention anything prominent?” Will had to know more about the car. Mike also reported about a black car who looked like a sedan.

“Sorry man…I don’t know more.” Tim drank his last sip of coffee and stood up.

“Thanks for the coffee, I need to work know. See ya! ”, Tim dismissed himself.

“Ah and…at the end of the street is a bar called “Lion”, the owner is a good guy. So if you need a place to stay for a night, go there!”, Tim added and Will was touched by his kindness. Not everyone in this hell called “The Block” was an asshole after all.

“Thank you. Be careful. See ya!”, Will shouted after Tim.

Will was actually very proud of himself that he made his first connection here in “The Block”. Even if Tim could not provide him with new information.
The bastard was sitting somewhere in a black car. The only problem was, that there were many black cars on the street. A lot of expensive looking ones two. In ten minutes leaning against a wall observing the street, he already counted over six black cars…

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After a few more minutes waiting in his spot under the street light a car suddenly drove slower as it passes by him. Curious Will looked up to the car driving closer to him. His heart began to race in his chest.

It was a black sedan!

# Doctor

TRIGGER WARNING! Rape

The car stopped only a few meters in front of him. Will stared at the back window being rolled down, revealing the silhouettes of a masculine face.
A moment after that, a hand was waving him closer through the window. Carefully he stepped closer, while scanning every little detail on the car.

“Good evening young man. ” , a deep voice greeted him. Will leaned closer into the car window, looking now directly at the man inside on the backseat.
It was an older man around the age of 50. Wearing a black suit and a very hungry look on his face. A business man perhaps?

“Good evening Sir, you look like you could use some company," His voice didn’t even shake. Will wondered where the sudden confidents came from.

“I indeed could use some company!” The old man patted the free seat beside him. “Get in… it’s warmer inside the car.”

Will swallowed. Not sure how far he should go. Once he got into the car, there would be no return. It was very dangerous to enter the car, even if the old man wasn’t the culprit. He could still hurt him or force himself on him…

The only weapon Will carried was a small pocket knife to defend himself if necessary and an bracelet with an built in “emergency button”. An FBI team would come immediately after he had pressed the button. In theory he should be save. He just had to grab the chance. The car and the man fitted in the profile.

“Sure!” Will heard himself saying casual. As if he had done this many times before.

Will went to the other side of the car and got in. The interior smelled like leather and the man’s overpowering after-shave. Now that Will could see him closer he noticed that the man was more like 60, with a big beer belly and almost bald head. Not like he had imagined the culprit. But there was still a chance that it was him. Never judge a book only by its cover!

The car started to drive again and Will was suddenly unsure what to do. He closed his eyes for a moment and searched in his mind for appropriate phrases. He had memorized a lot of standard phrases used by prostitutes in the last few days. More than he would probably need.

“How can I make you feel good?”, Will asked calm after a moment of silence.

“Get down.” The man commanded suddenly with a harsh voice and pointed between his legs. Will swallowed again. When he had agreed to go undercover he knew, that a situation like

this would come up sooner or later. Beverly told him not to go that far, but in order to keep up his cover he had to.

“I charge 50 for a handjob… ” Will said and started to move closer to the man. The car was large and so was the interior- There was enough space for him to fit between the man’s legs.

“Don’t worry about money…I have more than enough of it.” The man grinned, revealing his yellow teeth. Will didn’t doubt that. As always the wrong people had the money…

Without another comment Will started to unbuckle the man’s belt. His hands were sweaty and it took him a lot of strength to stop his hands from trembling. It was not like he had a lot of experience in that field. But he was sure he could pretend like he did.

Once the belt was unbuckled and the trousers open, revealing the man’s dick, Will stopped for a moment and looked up. The man was staring at him with hooded, hungry eyes.
It wasn’t Will’s first time seeing a dick, but certainly the first time being so close to a stranger’s dick. The thought of touching the old man’s dick, made him feel nauseous. Maybe this was a bad idea after all.

A rough hand suddenly grabbed his hair and pushed his face against the man’s dick.

“Hey! I- I don’t do blowjobs!” Will pointed out with a serious voice. A hand-job he could handle…but a blowjob. He wasn’t so sure about that. He was trying to push away, but the man was stronger and was holding him in place. The man’s dick was half hard by now and rubbing against his cheek.

“You’ll…otherwise I won’t pay you little slut!”

Will could feel his pulse quicken. “Fuck you!” He cursed out and tried again to free himself. He successfully got his head up again, but then the man suddenly punched him in the face, hitting him right on the cheekbone. Hard.
For a short moment the world was spinning around Will. Then he was grabbed by his hair and pushed down again.

“Do your fucking job and blow me!” He man shouted, his winkled face now in an angry grimace.

Will could feel the tip of the man’s hard dick pressing against his lips. But he kept his teeth shut tight, not allowing him inside. He could hear the man cursing under his breath. But instead of finally giving up and letting him go he pushed harder and harder.

“Open up for me…come on!”

Despite his age the man was to strong. After some more unsuccessful attempts to get free, Will finally gave up. He opened his mouth and took a deep breath, before the man pushed his dick inside….

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After some moments, what felt like hours, the old man finally came deep inside his throat. Will had to swallow it and wanted to vomit immediately.
After that the car had pulled over and stopped, dropping him off. Unable to hold his stomach contents in any longer he dropped to his knees and vomited once he got out.
The acid taste was welcomed and neutralized the nauseating taste. He old man was laughing something, he could not understand and throwing the money at him. It landed right beside his hands and his vomit on the ground.

Will looked at it for some moments. He suddenly felt absolutely exhausted and dazed. But he was still alive – thank god – so the old man was probably not the culprit. His instinct told him so too. The old man was a dirty bastard, but not a killer. But to be sure, he wrote down the number plate on a small paper. Later Jack could check it.

"Shit…" He cursed and collected the money, before it was blown away. The people passing him were looking at him with disgust. They knew exactly what he had done.
This was it. The life of a street prostitute. He could feel a single tear running down his cheek. He felt dirty and embarrassed. He never thought that something like this would ever happen to him.

He considered calling Beverly, his contact, and telling her about the incident. But he decided against it. She would probably immediately cancel the operation and order him back. No that was no option. He had to make some sacrifice in order to make progress. He had a job to do and would not back down because of his.

Determined he got up again. His legs were still weak and his cheek was hurting from the punch. He needed to find a place to rest. But where?

He was looking around him, trying to reorientate himself. He was still in "The Block" that much he could tell. But other than that he was totally lost.

"Great…" he signed and started to walk. After some minutes wandering aimlessly around he caught the sight of a big glowing signpost which read "Lion".
He remembered what Tim told him. That the owner of the bar "Lion" was a good guy. Without giving it a second through he entered the bar.

The interior décor was simple but classy. The counter was made of black wood and the walls were decorated with a lot of tag's antlers. Will suddenly felt unsure if someone like him was really welcomed in here.

"Welcome, what can I get you?", he man behind the counter asked him, when he had sat down on one of the chairs. He looked not very friendly, a little bit grumpy, but was still polite.

"A beer please." Will answered tired. A little bit alcohol would not hurt after all.

The bar was relatively empty at this time of the night, which Will found pleasant. He preferred the silence of the bar over the busy night life here in "The Block".

"Here you go…" The bartender put down his bottle of beer.

“Thanks…” Will responded and passed him the money.

“One Tobermory please, Jonathan.. ” Suddenly a voice behind him ordered. Will turned his head to the side to look at a man sitting down beside him. He didn’t even heared him entering the bar. He was wearing a very expensive looking three-price suit and looked overall very neat. His hair was combed back slick, not a single hair was out of place. Will wondered what someone like him was doing in a bar in the middle of the night. He looked not like someone visiting a bar at this hour.

“Stressful day Dr. Lecter?” The bartender welcomed him and smiled. Not looking grumpy anymore.

“Indeed. Too much to do and not enough time.” The man sighed and took of his jacket, folding it neatly and placing it on the back of the chair. Will might or might not be staring at the man’s muscles flexing underneath his white shirt.

“Please make it two Tobermorys, Jonathan.” The man corrected himself and turned his head towards Will and caught his eyes. His eyes were mysteriously dark and look right through his eyes into his soul. Or at least it felt like it. Surprised Will turned his gaze away and cleared his throat. He could still feel the man’s eyes on him. Looking him over.
“Here Doctor, two Tobermorys.” The bartender interrupted the silence.

Will through not accepting the drink would be rude, so he reached out and took the glass.
“Thank you…Doctor?”

“Lecter. Hannibal Lecter my name. I once worked as a surgeon, but not anymore. People still like to call me Doctor though.” Hannibal reached out his hand to him. “What’s your name?”

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